V.5, no.8

THE LADDER

May 50¢

purpose of the

Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications--this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

MAY, 1961
VOLUME 6, NO. 8

Published monthly by the Daughters of Bilitis, Inc., a non-profit corporation, 1232 Market Street, Suite 108, San Francisco 2, California. Telephone: UNderhill 3 - 8196.

NATIONAL OFFICERS, DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.

President — Jaye Bell
Vice President — Helen Sanders
Recording Secretary — Dottie Dee
Corresponding Secretary — Chris Hayden
Public Relations Director — Jo Carson
Treasurer — Ev Howe

THE LADDER STAFF

Editor — Del Martin
Assistant Editor — Elaine Kingston
Los Angeles Reporter — Sten Russell
Production Manager — Patty Patterson
Circulation Manager — Cleo Glenn

THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

contents

PICTURE GALLERY BY MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY..... 4
WOOD NISCELLANEA..... 14
NEW FINDS FROM PSYCHOANANALYTIC RESEARCH ON HOMOSEXUALITY..... 16
BOOKS..... 20
READERS RESPOND..... 22
MASCULINE VIEWPOINT..... 24

COVER BY KATHY ROGERS

Picture Gallery

By Marion Zimmer Bradley

I am seven years old. In the third grade where my mother's home teaching and my own precocity have prematurely placed me, I am one of three girls and eleven boys. The other two girls, Joan and Martha, are lifelong friends, closer than sisters. A farm child and an only daughter, lonely and almost friendless, I watch them wistfully. Martha is the prettier of the two, I think, a pale child with long brown plaits which I, flaxen-haired and shorn, envy wordlessly; Joan is noisy and clumsy, with silky curls. Their free, frank ease with each other and with other children rouses in me as much envy as admiration. Inarticulately I long to be one of them, sometimes making an awkward third to the perfect pair. Sometimes, by chance along with one of them, I probe the mysteries of this perfect companionship, so alien to me, and seen at this lonely distance, so infinitely desirable.

One day my inarticulate pondering breaks into a clumsy question, "Joanie, how long have you known Martha?"

"All my life," says Joan, as if her seven years were seventy. "My mother says she carried me over to Martha's house when I was just a week old and laid me down in her crib."

I muse on this shyly and at last blurt out another question. "Have you ever kissed her?"

Joan regards me in casual astonishment. "Sure. About a million times, I guess." And I am struck speechless at her calm acceptance of the miracle.

I am eight years old. Vivien is my aunt, but I do not think she is more than eighteen herself. Very clear, very bright, like the tiny image in a reversed telescope, to this day I call up the memory of her dark vivacious gaiety; a thin girl, excessively thin and

slight, a dark flush lying along her cheekbones. Her voice was pitched remarkably low. I am said by my father to be the image of Vivien as a child, so I regard her shyly and at a distance, as - although I am said to be an impudent and forward child - I seem to myself to regard all things from a distance. Later there is a large company of adults and I am relegated to a certain beloved little footstool which I have pulled as close as possible to her skirts. Then even the footstool is taken for an adult guest, and Vivien calls me to her. I regard her with frowning suspicion; I detest sitting on laps, I detest the adults who would constrain me to sit on their knees.

Instead, as if reading my thoughts, Vivien moves easily to one side of her deep armchair. "Here. We're neither of us very big, are we? We can sit side by side."

Grateful and adoring, I subside by her. I remember nothing more of that evening; and I never saw her again, for a few months later she died.

I am eleven years old; transferred from the two-room school of my first grades, I am attending a large country consolidated school, where my straight, bobbed hair and long black stockings set me apart from my agemates. My scholastic superiority wins me parental approval, but not the love of my compeers. They regard me, with good reason, as a freak. Reading Kipling in class, I make a revealing slip of the tongue, "The Cat Who Walked by Herself."

One day our home-room teacher sends me, with a classmate, on an errand to the janitor's office. As we fly through the endless corridors and halls smelling of chalk and wet coats, Jean takes up my hand in her own cool little bony one. I have seen other girls walking like this, hand in hand, casually; I wonder why, of a sudden, it should affect me with such profound intensity. Is it because I, friendless, have never before held in my hand the carelessly-given hand of a friend? I am at once relieved

and disappointed when, as we reach the destination of our errand, Jean's hand drops from my own; but I make no effort to recapture it.

I am thirteen years old; and for a long time now I have been one of a little clique of intimate friends. We sit together at our special table in the cafeteria; we cluster together in the locker room and splash each other rudely in the shower, excluding others from our jokes and horseplay. We sit on the flat school steps, when the weather is mild, to play jacks; we are all too big for this fourth grade game which has suddenly, in our first year of high school, become a fad with us all; we work out millions of variations, passing the tiny metal stars from hand to hand.

We cluster like winter sparrows in the girls' rooms, borrow one another's combs, pass around the lipstick belonging to the one girl in our crowd permitted, in these early War years, to wear lipstick unchided. Innocent and insolent, we are isolated like young nuns from the boys who surround us, not by any edict but by the custom, as if their rude and noisy chatter reached us across some vast abyss from another world.

Now and then we see with unspoken disapproval some senior girl walking unabashed in the wide hallways with a senior boy, arm in arm. Twenty years after, this would pass without notice - indeed, twenty years after, the senior girl who walked alone would be very seriously suspected of abnormality. But at thirteen, those years of World War II, long before rock'n' roll or the rise of the teen-ager, this was a thing shocking and incomprehsible, as shocking as if we had seen Faith walk unashamed into the boys' rest room and shout her discoveries abroad. We are grieved and secretly complacent when the scandal breaks; pregnant, Faith has been expelled from the school. We feel, now, righteously, as if we were safeguarding our loved seniors from a similar tragedy when we call mockingly "Lovey-Dovey" after any girl who speaks politely to a senior boy.

We are all a little in love with Miss Smith, the librarian and choirmistress. We sparkle with pleasure in her gentle voice, her crisp unsentimental manner, never noting her graying hair; to us, uncritical and enjoying her smart clothes and high heels after a forest of lumpish old ladies in black and tan, Miss Smith is young and pretty. I am given status by her special favor; a voracious reader, I quickly outstrip the resources of the excellent school library, and she lends me books of her own.

In the glee club my thin true soprano has no difficulty with the highest notes, so I am given a seat in the front row, next to a sophomore girl, the star of the glee club. She is an Armenian girl named Elisabeta, but whom we call Liz. She has a sweet, clear and precociously mature soprano voice; she wins the solo parts at all pageants and choir concerts. Her dark, aquiline and subtly Oriental features somehow reshadow those of a lovely prima donna in my cherished book of opera stories, Rosa Raisa. To me the prima donna is no more distant and inaccessible than Liz, dark and merry, laughing at the center of her crowd of older girls. One day, shyly, I bring the book to her and point out the resemblance. Liz gives her abrupt boisterous laugh, then with sudden curiosity takes the book from me. "Can I borrow this? I won't lose it, I promise." We find a sudden common love of opera, something which sets us both just a little to one side of the unmusical friends.

She has her own clique of friends which I never enter. She is a class above me and nearly three years my senior, so that only here do we come within sight of each other. With the precocious bloom and maturity of Eastern women, Liz seems already a grown woman, a distant figure on a horizon. And yet, in an exasperated way we are friends. She pokes fun at me and I shout angry reports; yet in a strange way the notice is soothing and not annoying. It is she who gives me the rude nickname to which I react with exaggerated range - to keep up the contact which exasperates and delights me.

I am fourteen years old and now I have, for the first time, a single "best friend". We are inseparable. We walk through the halls, arms entwined, like dozens of other couples. We have so much to say to each other that it cannot be said in the hours we spend together, so that we write notes in class and push them across the aisle with surreptitious toes, giggling when we are caught and reprimanded.

It is the age of giggles; giggles in class and out, giggles at our own suddenly too-tight sweaters, our unmanageable feet, the clumsy, exasperated, helplessly awkward business of deciding which is going to lead in the dancing classes, our own unmanageable reactions to everything. The age when she attracts attention by screaming and squealing when she sees a snake in a field trip - and I, all scorn at her attention-getting, gather it myself by my deliberate, carefully brusque bending and snatching; picking up the snake by the tail and swinging it, to a little chorus of "Oh!" and "Ooh!" into my specimen jar.

No one questions that we will share a sewing-room drawer, a gym locker, a lab bench. I am the clever one; Nancy the pretty one. She is a big clumsy puppyishly pretty girl, with lovely hair and enormous eyes. We confide our first crushes; a tall boy named Bobby, blonde and gallant as a young Lohengrin, the swagger of Errol Flynn, and suavity of Clark Gable. A squabble sends us flying apart in tears. Then, finding the world a place suddenly empty of all its jokes and giggles, we seek each other out with shy, humiliating pleas for forgiveness. We vie with each other to accuse ourselves of being pigs, worms, miserable cats. We promise with hearty hugs and kisses that we will never fight again, and perhaps keep our word for three days.

The little clique of last year has split now into similar little couples and coteries. I am a little alienated from them because Nancy, a transfer from another school, is regarded as overly emotional, standoffish, and suffers from the handicap of being

a teacher's child. But we maintain some loose contact in place of the old flocking instinct. One girl of the broken cluster, the oldest, has begun to date boys; behind her back, though loyally defending Idee, we maintain solemnly that in principle fifteen is too young for dates.

Nancy and I are separated for Glee Club. Her faulty broken alto goes into a back seat at the far end of the room, while in the front row of the sopranos Liz and I sink into adjacent seats and into our old pattern, she yelling a boisterous insult, I flaring an indignant retort. Miss Smith raps the wood podium and says with humorous resignation, "Will I have to put up with that all year from you two?" but makes no move to separate or reprove us. Liz and I, momentary allies and equals in mischief, cluth one another with spasms of merriment.

We are never what I call friends. Our association is loosely one of insult, reort, repartee and wisecrack. We bully and jeer at one another until the music begins. Then, our heads together over a single sheet of music, we collect ourselves, gather the deep breath, the breath from the diaphragm, which marks off the serious singer from the kid who is just goofing off in a snap course, and sing. We are never, then, called to order for disturbance. We emulate each other. To me Liz has the loveliest voice I am ever to hear, clear and sweet and vibrantly fresh. Amd I am startled to blushing when she confides in a sudden whisper that she'd "sing flat if it weren't for you, Marion - you're always so square on pitch."

My life gradually narrows itself into this world of music, as if I were revolving in steady unchanging orbit around the music room, as if everything outside were an unreal daydream. I seem to live fully only when I am singing. I read and dream and muse over my songs, over the pages of opera scores held in my lap while the radio plays. I find without mush surprise that as I drift into sleep I see the face of Liz under the winged helmet of Brunnhilde. But somehow this fantasy is troubling and frightening, so that I never mention it; so deeply buried I can

never put it into words even while I pore wistfully over the pages of Die Walkure, which I am forbidden to try to sing. Yet I study the lines of Seiglinde and brood over the moment - strange, strange it seems to me later, that I think of this moment where Brunnhilde, sheltering the frightened Seiglinde, bids her flee alone while she, in supreme sacrifice, holds the wrath of Wotan at bay. For Christmas I am given a recording of the duet from Norma. I take it to play for Liz, not daring even to mention why I love it so, and desperately concealing my unavoidable daydream which, when I study the gentler phrases of Adalgisa, persistently weaves her voice into the fiery music of Norma. Yet, though her face and figure are Valkyrie, commanding high priestess, I begin to surmise something gentler than my daydreams allow. One day Liz, rehearsing for an audition, sings Mimi's soft narrative from La Boheme. I am moved and startled: when I stammer some empty compliment she gives me only a subdued insult and briefly slips her arm about my waist, but I twist away and run, half afraid and half hoping she will see that there are tears in my eyes.

I have written a story. I am always writing a story. But for some reason this particular vignette means much to me: I take it to my mother and wait with some hesitation for her verdict. To me her words are a true verdict, a verum dictum, a judgment from which there is no appeal.

She says, "I think you should change this scene, the one between the two girls. It gives, well, the impression that there is something just a little, don't you know, unhealthy between them, a little too intense?"

I am baffled and bewildered. Yes, the scene was emotional; in common with writers of emotional scenes at fifteen, I had wept as I visioned it. I thought (like all writers at fifteen) that it was beautiful. My mother informs me, with considerable hesitation, verging on embarrassment, that there are some girls who fall in love with other girls. In my innocence, not ignorance (for even then I am not ignorant of these relations), I am puzzled; it seems simply a lovely idea. I gather, how-

ever, that if I were to express this thought, her smooth brows would gather in harsh, not tolerant disapproval. So for the first time, not the last, I amend and smooth over the emotional content of the scene to the tepid level she thinks "so much more suitable and nice." I cannot see how she fails to realize how meaningless, how lack-luster it has now become; that the emotion is no longer complete, no longer right.

I begin to hide from her what I have written and to write in a sort of rough shorthand of my own, indecipherable to anyone but myself. Often I myself cannot re-read what I write in this fashion - which is just as well - for the writing, and not the re-reading, is the proper discharge of this emotion.

It is a strange winter as I slide on the razor edge dividing fifteen from sixteen. My mother is distracted and cold. It is a strange world for me, a world of music lessons, work for a tart German woman who teaches me to make kucken and knoedle and laughs when I despise her home-made wine. Nancy has gone to another school.

I sit up nights with my ailing little brother, crooning to him endlessly, reading to him when he has patience to listen, rocking and cuddling him till I fall asleep in the chair, in a curious ambivalent rivalry with my mother because he calls equally for "Mommy" and "Mimi". Strange, confused fantasy haunts me as I lean back in the darkened room, the child's weight heavy on my breasts, half asleep and weary, hoarse from singing and prattling to him. The slow, dreamy motion of the rocking chair enchants me, even though he has fallen into an exhausted sleep with his arms still around my neck. Curious, darkly tangled fantasies these, strangely sensual in a kind of overwrought maternity, motherhood, still as passionless as the least knowing of virgins. Night after night I rock in a sort of thoughtless, hypnotic drowse, a weariness and fantasy so painfully pleasurable that when a rumor, not unknown in scandal-seeking small farm communities in New England, catches up with me - I suppose no family with a nubile daughter ever has a new baby but what some nosey neighbor stares boldly at the nubile daughter and whispers scandal about bastardy, even in the face of an absolutely

flawless school-attendance record and a summer spent in daily work in the strawberry fields - when this disgusting rumor catches up to me, I laugh uneasily and cuddle this child, my own in fantasy, closer to my heart. Nor do I cease to carry him astride my hip wherever I go, nor to encourage him to seek my lap instead of my mother's.

My friend this year is Kit, a chubby, tawny girl; but though we have reached the age of confidences a barrier hangs between us. My daydreams center around the opera; Kit cares little for music, but her passion is for drama, and spurred by her, I join the dramatic club. I can never channel my emotion to the control for an actress; without the discipline of music I am an impossible ham. My flair for exaggeration might make me a passable clown, but I superciliously love only the dramatic tragedies and nothing less intense than Lady MacBeth could possibly reach me. So I find myself working on properties and prompting.

Touched by Kit's love for romantic tragedy, too, I bring her my beloved libretto of Norma, over which I have pored till the pages lie loose. She reads it and returns it with grave, lambent eyes, deeply moved but not for the expected reason. It is not the passion of the guilty priestess, or her anguished and brooding love for her children, which has touched Kit to the heart, stirred her placid face to such rare emotion.

"It's the thought that...that any woman could sacrifice herself that way for another woman...that they could care so much," she says with a pretense of diffidence. Her words revive a half-forgotten emotion. I hear in memory a duet and face a daydream again. Then Kit interrupts quietly, her hand still touching the gray rough cover of the libretto, her face bent from mine.

"Perhaps you should know this first. I'm a Lesbian."

I am puzzled, skeptical; curious but with conventional mild distaste, I disclaim the idea.

With gentle scorn she smiles into my eyes. "I hope

you're not going to bring up that stuffy old idea that it's against nature because they can't have children."

And since that is indeed my one remaining argument, I am silent. I feel compelled nevertheless to protest... not Kit, but the thought and the idea.

Liz has won the coveted music scholarship for her year. I interview her for the school newspaper, as the writer of features for the music department. We are shy and a little silly as we go through the solemn absurdities of the interview. Gravely I ask the usual questions - who were her teachers, what are her plans, where will she study - and conscientiously I write her answers down in quotation marks. Vacillating between boisterousness and constraint, she makes the usual answers. It is our first contact outside the glee club save for chance greetings in the halls, and we are ridiculously formal with each other.

Through some happy chance, then, I ask precisely what music means to her. I have forgotten her answer, though I solemnly wrote it down. What I remember across the years, what I will remember always, was the smile that broke through before her answer - not her usual boisterous, grimacing grin, but an indescribably rare and lovely smile, luminous, tender, infinitely gentle. For that moment, we understood one another wholly. We smiled without speaking. And then Liz, swinging the pendulum back, became noisy and boisterous again and began burlesquing the solemn answers to my questions. But the feature story I wrote was an act of sheer love; and I was confused and unbearably happy when Liz, catching me in the corridor, first spoke formal thanks and then with something which, in a younger girl, might have been an uneasy giggle, handed me a pen and commanded, "Here, autograph it. I'm going to save it for my memory book." I made a rude joke, too, as I scrawled my name, because at sixteen emotion is unbearable. Neither of us knew why we could not be even decently polite to one another without making it into a rude and cruel joke.

(Continued on page 18)

mood miscellanea

STRANGERS

IN THE MIDST OF A DAZZLING CITY
OF GAIETY, LUCID TALK,
THERE ARE ROADS OF STONE AND ALLEYS
WHERE LONESOME STRANGERS WALK.

THERE ARE ROOMS WITH BEDS AND TABLES
WHERE LONESOME STRANGERS STAY,
APRT FROM THE LIFE OF THE CITY,
YET UNWILLING TO GO AWAY.

THERE ARE MAILBOXES FOUND EMPTY,
AND MEMORIES DRAGGED FROM THEIR DUST.
THERE ARE AMBITIONS GROWN WEARY,
AND HOPES AND DREAMS BLOWN UP.

THERE ARE SHADOWS THAT DO NOT BELONG
AND VOICES THAT SCREAM FROM DISPEACE,
IN THE MIDST OF A DAZZLING CITY,
TOO FRIGHTENED TO MOVE FROM THERE.

VERONICA COS

SEPARATE VACATIONS

DARLING, DARLING, SHOULD YOU MEET
ONE WHO SWEEPS YOU OFF YOUR FEET,
ONE WHO CLAIMS TO LOVE YOU TRUE
AND WANTS A SECRET RENDEZVOUS,
ONE WHO SEEKS TO KISS YOUR CHEEK
AND TRIES TO DATE YOU FOR THE WEEK...
STOP AND THINK BEFORE YOUR PLAY;
I MIGHT SHORTEN MY HOLIDAY.

MORGEN FITZGERALD

HAVEN

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED SOME SWEET, SPECIAL NICHE
WHEREIN MY HEART AND I COULD FIND OUR PLACE.
I WANTED SOMETHING THAT WAS SPECIAL, WHICH
COULD MAKE ME STRONG FOR THINGS I HAVE TO FACE.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED SOMETHING I COULD FEEL
AND KNOW IT CLUNG TO ME AND HELD MY SHAPE.
I WANTED SOMETHING NO ONE ELSE COULD STEAL
BUT NOT CALL MINE, IN CASE IT SOUGHT ESCAPE.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED SOMETHING FINE AND FREE
TO SEEM LIKE MINE UNLESS IT HAD TO ROAM,
AND NOW I HAVE IT IN YOUR NEED OF ME -
YOUR LOVING ARMS THAT GIVE MY HEART A HOME.

J. R. G.

TO CELESTE

I'VE WATCHED THE DAWN FLAME THROUGH A DARKENED SKY
WITH ROSEATE PROMISE FOR THE DAY TO COME,
THEN WATCHED THE SUN SET, WITH WEARY SIGH
FOR DREAMS UNREALIZED AND WORK NOT DONE.
TODAY I SAW THE SUN CREEP SLOWLY THROUGH
THE LES.ENING SHADOWS OF THE PASSING NIGHT.
REMEMBERING THE THING I LONGED TO DO,
I DREADED THE APPROACH OF COMING LIGHT.
I'D MISSED THE PROMISE IN THE FLAME-RED SKIES.
TODAY THE DAWN CAME SLOWLY, DULL AND GRAY.
I COULD NOT HOPE, SOMEHOW, TO REALIZE
MY CHERISHED DREAM ON SUCH A DREARY DAY.
TONIGHT THE SUN SET IN A GOLDEN FLAME;
I'LL ALWYS LOVE GRAY DAWNS; TODAY YOU CAME.

ROQUA HASSAM

New Finds From Psychoanalytic Research on Homosexuality

A large audience heard Dr. Marvin G. Drellich of the New York Medical College deliver an absorbing report on Feb. 23: a pre-publication look at a few highlights from the 8-year study on homosexuality recently completed by the Research Committee of the Society of Medical Psychoanalysts. The full report will appear in book form later this year.

The study is the first large-scale attempt to compile data on the subject of homosexuality obtainable only in therapeutic situations. Data were drawn from case histories of 106 male homosexuals and 101 male heterosexuals, the latter serving as a control group. Both groups were voluntarily undergoing therapy. Each member of a team of psychoanalysts, augmented by one research psychologist, filled out a 450-item questionnaire concerning each of his homosexual patients and an identical one concerning each of his heterosexual patients.

Questions were grouped as follows: (1) detailed family histories disclosing interpersonal relationships; (2) patient's general childhood development; (3) patient's relationship to his sex partner, including type of activity preferred; (4) patient's current problems and adaptations; and (5) patient's present relationship to women.

The following traits revealed by answers to the questionnaire are considered statistically significant, i.e., occurring frequently enough to differentiate the homosexual group from the heterosexual. Not unexpectedly, the homosexual's most important relationship appears to be that with his mother. He was generally her favorite, experiencing virtually an only-child relationship with her despite the presence of brothers and sisters. He was more dependent on her for decisions than the heterosexuals. She was demanding of the son's attention; dominating; "seductive" (most often unconsciously) and permissive - and even encouraging - of "feminine" pursuits in the son, e.g., knitting and other activities neutral in themselves but generally assigned to women by

prevailing mores. The homosexual's mother was over-protective toward her son's physical well-being, and inhibited his adolescent sexual activity through frequent disapproving and belittling comments.

In many cases the homosexual's mother had burdened her son with unwanted feminine confidences, making him her ally against the husband-father-villain, even going so far as to embarrass the son with secrets of the boudoir. The heterosexuals' mothers, while frequently restrictive and controlling, did not often make pets or confidantes of their sons.

Fathers, of course, were likewise important in the homosexual's development. The homosexual son was generally the father's least-favored child and felt rejected by the father. About 60% of the homosexuals admitted positive hatred of their fathers, and the fathers were frequently aware of this hatred. In 70% of the cases the homosexual son feared actual physical retaliation should he assert himself against the father's wishes. The most significant composite of the homosexual's father was detached, hostile, and belittling; the next most significant, detached and indifferent. The combination of scornful father and possessive mother appeared in case after case.

Relationship between parents was somewhat similar in the two groups; there were many unsuccessful marriages in both groups, although the parents of the homosexuals spent significantly more time apart from each other than those of the heterosexuals. Little or no demonstration of affection was reported between parents of either group.

During pre-adolescent years the boy destined to become homosexual played principally with girls and felt left out or excluded himself from competitive games with other boys. As adults, 71% were currently afraid of women, and 72% expressed aversion to female genitals. A total of 46% admitted that they identified their sex partner with their father, 17% with an older brother, 16% with their mother, and 7% with a sister. This clear indication of the importance of fathers and brothers in the homosexual's fantasies was a surprise to many members of the audience.

What do homosexuals want from their partners? Precisely the things that heterosexuals want from theirs: sex, affection, security, friendship, and permissiveness - not necessarily in that order. The answers indicate that homosexual "marriages" tend to be imitations of heterosexual marriage: the homosexual subconsciously desires to secure the advantages of marriage, excluding the "phobic" area of direct sexual involvement with women.

The study indicates that homosexuals are not psychotic in any greater proportion than heterosexuals. They are, rather, heterosexuals whose sexuality has been interfered with and prevented from taking a "normal" direction. Psychoanalysis was responsible in many cases for a shift in sexual direction, depending upon the motivation and the length of treatment. Of the 70 who started analysis as exclusive homosexuals, 40 remained so, 14 became bisexual, 2 became sexually inactive, and 14 - representing 20% - became exclusively heterosexual. Of the 32 who were bisexual at the start of analysis, 13 remained bisexual, 2 became exclusively homosexual, 2 became sexually inactive, and 15 - or 47% - became exclusively heterosexual.

Dr. Drellich's study revealed numerous differences between homosexuals and heterosexuals, as well as some areas in which the two groups were virtually indistinguishable. Concerning the areas of difference, it is as yet impossible to make a final statement of their share in the ultimate formation of the homosexual personality, for there are no doubt other factors whose roles have not been determined.

* * * * *

PICTURE GALLERY

(Continued from page 13)

On my sixteenth birthday, with precocious suddenness I hurdle an entire class and graduate at the end of my junior year, suddenly realizing that my extra work load has done four years' work in three. I am apart from the usual senior doings, but in solemn, ritual procession

I hand my torch to Kit. The girls of my old sparrow-cluster proffer startled and somehow resentful congratulations at what I have done, and their voices seem to come across a widening gulf of time separating me forever from the few days when I walked with them in insolent separateness.

At the ceremonies of graduation, white-robed, I find myself on the platform beside Liz, and we make a gesture at the old boisterous, surreptitious noise of our glee club years, finding as time swiftly runs out that for years this struggle and anger has been a thing not hated, as we thought, but precious and somehow wonderful; that beneath the level of our irritable sniping at each other ran a shy trickle of genuine affection which neither of us could ever show for fear of one another's scorn. She pinches me during the solemn invocation; I make a dreadful face in return.

The faces of other schoolmates left irrevocably behind blur across the widening stream of severing time as the roll of names, a class not my own, girls I do not know, line up before and behind me. Why am I not graduating among my own? Why did I do this? I watch Liz, sober and hieratic in her cap and gown, striding up to the rostrum, and watch her like an island in a strange sea, the only familiar face there. There is a special round of applause for me, generously led by the classmates I have jumped past in this unprecedented step. Already they are blurred and receding.

As the girls in the cafeteria scramble out of the rented caps and gown, pin flowers on white frocks and scatter again, Liz and I find ourselves suddenly face to face, all rudeness gone. We babble inane good wishes and good will, I at least concealing deep emotion, knowing we will probably never see each other again. It makes us noisier than ever, exchanging new heights of repartee.

Someone calls each of us from a separate floor, and we turn, gathering up coats, silly little purses, the tassels of our caps, swing back for a final word of good-bye, already moving away. Then, drawn irresistibly and impulsively, neither of us the first to offer or to touch, we hold out our arms and for an instant fall together

in an explosive, impetuous hug and kiss. Its violence conceals and compensates for its brevity. Then with shaken, shrill laughter we yell final goodbyes and dash off in our separate ways.

We never see each other again.

BOOKS

CAMELS'S FAREWELL
HARRY OTIS. 1961
PAN-GRAPHIC PRESS, SAN FRANCISCO. $2.95

IN HIS BREEZY STYLE HARRY OTIS HAS WRITTEN ANOTHER GAY BOOK THAT TAKES HIS READER TO FAR COUNTRIES AND INTRODUCES HIM TO STRANGE CUSTOMS. HIS PREVIOUS BOOK "THE REVAL" HAD THE NEAR EAST AS ITS LOCALE. THE "CAMEL'S FAREWELL" TAKES US TO SOUTH AMERICA, INDIA AND AFRICA WITH A RETURN ONCE IN AWHILE TO THE BOSTON HOMELAND OF HIS CHIEF CHARACTER. THE THESIS OF THE BOOK IS THAT THERE ARE GAY PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD, BUT IN SOME COUNTRIES THEY DON'T FEEL AS GUILTY ABOUT IT AS WE DO.

THE "CAMEL'S FAREWELL" IS A NICE FAIRY TALE IN SEVERAL SENSES OF THE WORD. FIRST, IT RELATES THE ADVENTURES OF A GAY FELLOW IN AFRICA AND POINTS ALONG THE WAY. IN A SECOND SENSE THE MAIN CHARACTERS ARE NOT LADEN WITH THE CARES OF THE WORLD, BUT SEEM TO HAVE ENOUGH OF THE FOLDING GREEN TO GO WHERE THEY WISH WHEN THEY WISH. THIRD, THE PEOPLE IN THE BOOK ARE NOT REALLY PEOPLE BUT GOSSAMER BEINGS. NO ATTEMPT IS MADE TO DEVELOP CHARACTER OR DELVE INTO EMOTIONS. A FEW STEREOTYPED CLICHES ARE USED TO IDENTIFY THE VARIOUS INDIVIDUALS THAT FLIT IN AND OUT OF THE STORIES.

THE BOOK SUFFERS SOMEWHAT FROM ITS BREEZY MANNER. MORE THINGS ARE HINTED AT THAN FULLY DEVELOPED. IF SOME OF THE FOLK LEGENDS HAD BEEN GIVEN WITH A FULLER BACKGROUND AND DESCRIPTION, THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE BELIEVABLE AND INTERESTING. -V.L.

THIS BED WE MADE
ARTEMIS SMITH. 1961.
MONARCH BOOKS, CONNECTICUT. 35¢

MISS SMITH, PROBABLY NUMBER THREE IN THE HIERARCHY OF THOSE WRITERS IN THE LESBIAN PAPERBACK FIELD, BRINGS US THIS TALE OF PETER, THE LOAFER; NICOLE, THE ARTISTS MODEL, AND ELAINE, THE VERY SICK PAINTER. ANOTHER OF THESE ARTY, UNWASHED NOVELS BUT VERY WELL WRITTEN WITH GOOD CHARACTERIZATION AND TOUCHES OF HUMOR. SADLY, THE STORY IS MALE-ORIENTED AND HAS A PURELY HETEROSEXUAL ENDING, BUT IT IS SO WELL DONE AND SO CASUALLY FILLED WITH UPBEAT PROPAGANDA THAT MOST LADDER READERS WILL WANT TO READ IT. - B.G.

---

camel's farewell
DORIAN VIGNETTE SERIES - 2 BY HARRY OTIS

Harry Otis offers some more tales about "gay" people from other parts of the world. He has injected warm humor and taken jibes at the foibles, hypocrises and frustrations which are so evident in much of the Western world.

$2.95 (plus 20¢ handling)

This Bed We Made

Artemis Smith's latest paperback novel about Greenwich Village. "Well written . . . and casually filled with upbeat propaganda."

35¢ (plus 10¢ handling)

AVAILABLE THROUGH
D.O.B. BOOK SERVICE
1232 MARKET ST.
SAN FRANCISCO 2, CALIF.

IN CALIF. ADD 4% SALES TAX.

READERS RESPOND

HR JOHN F. KENNEDY
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
THE WHITE HOUSE

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

"AMERICA'S 'HOMOSEXUAL PROBLEM' IS ROOTED IN OUR LAW. THE INTENSITY AND PERPETUATION OF THE PROBLEM IS ABETTED BY CERTAIN FEDERAL GOVERNMENT POLICIES, FOR EXAMPLE, UPHOLDING STATE LAWS AND ENFORCEMENT PRACTICES OF QUESTIONABLE CONSTITUTIONALITY, ABASING PEOPLE BY MEANS OF A CRIMINAL RECORD FOR ACTS INTRINSICALLY NOT CRIMINAL, DEBARRING FROM GOVERNMENT SERVICE AND FROM EMPLOYMENT IN CERTAIN PRIVATE INDUSTRIES PERSONS SUSPECTED OF HOMOSEXUAL TENDENCIES, ISSUING 'OTHER-THAN-HONORABLE' DISCHARGES AND WITHHOLDING VETERANS' BENEFITS FROM THOSE PERSONS DISCOVERED IN ARMED SERVICE.

"GOVERNMENT IS PRESUMING HERE TO SUPPRESS THE HOMOSEXUAL COMPONENT IN HUMAN NATURE, APPARENTLY WITHOUT ANY EVIDENCE THAT ITS ERADICATION IS POSSIBLE, OR EVEN DESIRABLE. IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO POINT TO THE FUTILITY OF LEGISLATING MORALITY NOR TO BELABOR THE PRESENT UNDESIRABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS INCURRED BY SUCH EFFORT.

"STUDIED OPINION HAS JOINED HUMANITARIAN INTERESTS IN URGING THE GOVERNMENT TO RECONSIDER ITS POSTURE TOWARD THIS MINORITY. BUT THE STRANGE RELUCTANCE OF THE LAW TO MOVE ON WITH THE TIMES TO NEW SOCIAL AWARENESS, EVEN IN FACE OF THE JEOPARDY TO OUR NATION'S SECURITY, MAKES THE HOMOSEXUAL PROBLEM A MATTER FOR GENERAL CONCERN.

"THUS IT BECOMES INCUMBENT ON THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT EITHER TO PUBLISH A WHITE PAPER DELINEATING FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF ALL INTERESTED PERSONS, REASONS FOR THOSE POLICIES, EXPLAINING THEIR PURPOSE AND JUSTIFYING THEIR CONTINUATION, OR, TO RENOUNCE ALL MATTERS OF POLICY BEARING ON HOMOSEXUALS, AS INDIVIDUALS OR AS A CLASS, AND TO ENFRANCHISE THESE PEOPLE WITH THE FULL LEGAL RIGHTS,

PRIVILEGES AND HONORS, IMMUNITIES AND PROTECTION ACCORDED TO OTHER CITIZENS."

VERY RESPECTFULLY YOURS,

RICHARD STUART BOLIN
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

COPIES SENT TO:

THE HONORABLE EARL WARREN, CHIEF JUSTICE, UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT
THE HONORABLE ROBERT F. KENNEDY, ATTORNEY GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
THE HONORABLE ABRAHAM A. RIBICOFF, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
THE HONORABLE WARREN G. MAGNUSON, UNITED STATES SENATE
THE HONORABLE HENRY M. JACKSON, UNITED STATES SENATE
THE HONORABLE THOMAS M. PELLY, UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
THE HONORABLE DON MAGNUSON, UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

* * * * *

"GENE DAMON'S STORY ON LESBIAN LITERATURE IN 1960 CONTAINS AN ERROR. LAWRENCE DURRELL'S NOVEL CLEA DOES NOT TREAT OF LESBIANISM IN ANY WAY, SHAPE OR FORM. HOWEVER, THE LAWRENCE DURRELL NOVEL BALTHAZAR (THE SECOND ONE OF HIS QUARTET OF NOVELS, SOMETIMES CALLED THE 'ALEXANDRIA QUARTET,' OF WHICH CLEA IS THE FOURTH) DOES TELL THE STORY OF A LESBIAN RELATIONSHIP INVOLVING THE SAME CLEA, INCIDENTALLY TO THE MAIN THEME.

"IF ANY READER IS ABOUT TO PURCHASE THE NOVEL CLEA IN THE EXPECTATION OF FINDING A LESBIAN THEME IN IT, MAJOR OR MINOR, SHE IS ABOUT TO BE DISAPPOINTED."

F. C., CALIFORNIA

* * * * *

"YOUR EDITORIAL (JANUARY, 1961 LADDER) - IF I FULLY UNDERSTOOD IT - WAS VERY GOOD. THE WHOLE BLAB ABOUT A 'BILL OF RIGHTS' IS A LOAD

OF SOMETHING I'M TOO POLITE TO SAY.

"AS FOR THE SCHOLARSHIP, A MEMORIAL TO DR. BAKER IS OF COURSE MAGNIFICENT. BUT LIMITING THE FIELDS TO SCIENCE AND LAW, THAT'S ANOTHER MATTER. IT SHOULD BE LIMITED TO GRADUATE STUDY DEFINITELY AND LIMITED TO AN ADULT, SOBER, ADMITTED LESBIAN - ONE DEDICATED TO WORKING IN SOME WAY FOR HER PEOPLE. WHY THE EXPLICIT EXCLUSION OF CREATIVE FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR? I KNOW IT'S ALL THE RAGE TO GO ABOUT WITH STEEL MEASURING TAPE CLUTCHED FIRMLY TO ONE'S BREAST, BUT THERE IS A WORLD (SHRINKING, ALAS) WHERE CREATIVE ABILITY HAS ITS PLACE. AFTER ALL, THE BASIS OF ALL THIS IS THE GENTLER LOVE - PERHAPS THE CLOSER LOVE - BETWEEN WOMEN. WHY NOT AT LEAST ALLOW THE COMPETITION TO INCLUDE WRITERS, ARTISTS, ETC.?"

B. G., KANSAS

Masculine Viewpoint

It's 'Bill' Again...

The "Homosexual Bill of Rights" controversy prompted by ONE Institute's program this year, has erupted into ye olde "Battle of the Sexes." Opposition to the "Bill" has become a strictly female viewpoint although the majority of those present at the Institute sessions expressed their inability to "participate" within the framework set down for them. In ONE's own estimation participants were about 1/3 female ("Tangents", March, 1961) - clearly not a majority.

The March 1961 issue of THE LADDER gave a full report of

the proceedings. Following are some pertinent excerpts from the April, 1961 issue of ONE with the "masculine viewpoint" expressed aptly by W. Dorr Legg, director of ONE Institute:

... By the time the Midwinter sessions convened there had been more than 300 questionnaires and reams of accompanying letters received. These engrossing documents expressed every shade of attitude and opinion, of approval and disapproval, of personal experiences and of educational levels. Of the first 100 received, 63 favored the idea of a "Bill of Rights" for the homosexual, 28 disclaimed the ability to express themselves on the subject, 4 were neutral, while 5 expressed outright opposition.

... Friday was Workshop Day. Those in attendance engaged in a somewhat helter-skelter scanning of the letters and the questionnaires. They were directed to make suitable selections of these to be presented on the following days to the five Drafting Committees as guides to their working on various aspects of the "Bill".

However, the sheer number of the documents involved, as well as the fascinating diversity of their contents, almost bogged down the Workshop group. This practical consideration would indicate that some other method of doing that particular assignment might have been preferable. Also, the number of those able to be in attendance on Friday was not sufficient to make them effective reporters later to each of the five Drafting Committees concerning the basic trends indicated by the questionnaires.

This resulted in the entirely incorrect statement being made at various times throughout the sessions to the effect that it appeared the majority of those replying were opposed to such a "Bill". As the figures cited above indicate, this was overwhelmingly not true.

True or false, the dissenters and counter-dissenters were unabashed. Sparks flew in all directions and smoke curled out from the doorway of each Drafting Committee-room. Continuous pressures were exerted to change the program, to revise its title and generally to alter the proceedings.

While readily conceding the values in healthy controversy

and that dissenters too have "rights" (although this was the word that was so obnoxious to many), there were some present who felt this continued behavior to be in extremely bad taste. They asked themselves what the reaction might have been had guests at the Daughters of Bilitis Convention last May risen from the floor to demand heatedly that the program be changed more to their liking.

Thoughtful observers at the time, and since then, have tried to understand what causes might underlie the sincere opposition of most of the women attending, as expressed by President Bell's "manifesto" ... and Editor Del Martin's "How Far Out Can We Go?" (THE LADDER, January, 1961) in which she argued that ONE's 1961 Midwinter Institute was "likely to set the homophile movement back into oblivion ... and would leave us wide open as a target of ridicule from those who already dislike us ..."

Was it, as some suggested, that the Daughters of Bilitis, its membership restricted exclusively to women, was so narrowly focussed an in-group that its members could not be expected to understandingly concern themselves with the general problem of homosexuality?

Or was it that Lesbians, by virtue of their own infrequent personal contact with the brutal realities of the denial of rights the male homosexual so continuously experiences, were but a step ahead of heterosexuals in their comprehension of what the problems are?

Was it, even, that Lesbians have been so brain-washed by the circumstances of their own favored social and legal status that they would resist to the hilt their brother-homosexuals' efforts for betterment, fearing lest some disturbance of the status quo might endanger their own relatively peaceful pursuits?

That these, and many other questions were raised would seem to evidence that homosexuals, both male and female, still understand neither themselves very well nor the larger society to which they must somehow accommodate themselves; also, that a single Midwinter Institute, a single "group-participation project in homophile education" could do little more than raise some of the important questions and bring them out into plain view . . .

Daughters of BILITIS

INCORPORATED

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS and San Francisco Chapter: 1232 Market St. Suite 108, San Francisco 2, California

New York Chapter: 1133 Broadway, Room 304, New York 10, New York

Los Angeles Chapter: 527 Hazel Street, Glendale, California

New Jersey Chapter: P. O. Box 133, Ridgefield, New Jersey

MEMBERSHIP in the Daughters of Bilitis is limited to women 21 years of age or older. If in San Francisco, New York or Los Angeles area, direct inquiry to chapter concerned; otherwise write to National Office in San Francisco.

THE LADDER: a monthly publication by the DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC., mailed first class in a plain sealed envelope for $4.00 per year.

CONTRIBUTIONS are gratefully accepted from anyone who wishes to assist us in our work. We are a non-profit corporation working entirely on donated labor. Our fees are not of such amounts as to allow for much expansion of the publication. While men may not become members of the DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC., many have expressed interest in our efforts and our publication and have made contributions to further our work. Of course, anyone over 21 years of age may subscribe to THE LADDER.

DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS, INC.
1232 Market Street, Suite 108,
San Francisco 2, California.

Please send THE LADDER for year(s) by first class mail sealed to the address below. I enclose $ at the rate of $4.00 for each year ordered.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY _____ ZONE___ STATE_____

*I am over 21 years of age (Signed)*_____

Complete Lesbiana Checklist

NOW AVAILABLE

1960 Edition $1.50 Each

1961 Supplement $1.00 Each

(20¢ Handling)

or BOTH

For the Low Price of

$2.00

(Plus 30¢ Handling)

In California add 4% sales tax.

DOB Book Service

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
DAUGHTERS OF BILITIS

1232 MARKET ST., SUITE 108
SAN FRANCISCO 2, CALIFORNIA